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MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1915.

WHAT ABOUT IT, CANADA?

Lord Kitchener: "I am more moved in the field and armies which will, in their turn, proceed abroad, be kept at their proper strength. I appeal earnestly to all men who are able-bodied and can still serve to respond to call until they are asked to allow that many lives given by their gallant fellow townsmen have been given in vain. I can only do my duty by the country if you do yours. We must have more men at once."

Britain has lost more soldiers killed in the war than Canada has

Trained men are needed in France, Serbia and Gallipoli, and trained men in Canada are wondering why they are not allowed to go.

That general offensive might have got along faster if the Turks hadn't happened to think of trying the same thing at the same time and place.

With the Germans in front and the Bulgarians behind the position of our Serbian allies is desperate in the extreme. If they escape annihilation it will be more than the situation promises.

The property owners on the tax roll number 23,328, while the registered voters—including tenants and women—number only 17,990. When voting day comes round good many tax-payers will remember that they forgot to register.

The gas franchise is just as valuable now as it was last spring. No gas owners not entitled to the same opportunity for discussing the question of whether or not they want to part with it on the terms offered?

In justice to German military efficiency, it is due to recognize that if it can subdue the Monte negro it will do more than the Turks did in five hundred years. The Black Mountain district is the one part of the Balkan peninsula the Turk never ruled.

The Financial Post says: "So far as the business is concerned, the decision reached as to what American boats will be allowed to operate in the Canadian grain trade." Presumably the decision will be announced after the lake have frozen up.

Commissioner Davidson discovered at Regina that another \$175 of the war loan went for a furred horse over at the knees. It can be understood that, as in most instances, the British government would prefer Oshawa to hunt for its own war money. British credit is good, but not good enough to stand an indefinite continuance of that sort of spending.

Financial Post: The fact that the grain movement through the Lachine canal during last month was less than half of that of September, a year ago, is not regarded as indicating that the shipping tonnage available, "rather as showing the small amount of grain going forward."

For this there appears to be two reasons. On one hand the grain traffic was comparatively small on the other hand the war demand and war prices caused a heavy movement of wheat during the year which reduced available supplies to a minimum. The latter is an equal assured return cargo.

To sum up: Dividing the traffic at Lloydminster on the Alberta boundary, the gradients are such each way that the distance to Vancouver is 150 miles less to Port Arthur when coal is the return cargo, surely it will have the same effect on the line to Vancouver as it does on the line to a port where there is an equal assured return cargo.

The visit of the Australian cads and the addresses of Lieutenant Simons must serve to bring

ON THE MAP, AT LAST.

The completion of the Canadian Northern railway places Edmonton on a second, and therefore competitive, trans-continent railway. It is necessary for the two competitive lines to make full use of the facilities which for

the time being exist.

When the grain arrives at Port Arthur it is discharged from the train to the elevator and from the elevator to the steamer. After a voyage across Lake Superior, through the Soo canal and across Lake Huron to the south point of Georgian Bay, it is loaded into the ship and carried from the steamer to the elevator, and from the elevator to the railway train. After a rail haul of 360 miles to Montreal it is again loaded into the ship and carried across the ocean to Liverpool.

The one discharge and loading at Port Arthur is the same as that made at Vancouver. The 700 miles of lake and canal, plus 300 miles by land to two additional loadings of the wheat must be balanced against the longer voyage on the ocean carrier from Vancouver. The cost of the grain in the grain trade can pass through the Panama canal, while the very largest cannot come up to Montreal; it would seem reasonable that the cost of grain brought under normal conditions from Vancouver to Liverpool would be considerably less than the cost of lake, rail, and double handling and ocean carriage by way of the Great Lakes.

The following is a comparison of conditions that prevail for seven months of the year. But for five months in the year there is no lake carriage, and grain must be held in storage or be sent for over a rail haul of approximately 1500 miles from Port Arthur, or 2600 from Lloydminster to Portland or St. John, while on the other hand the grain can go forward under equally favorable conditions all the year round.

This element of an open port accessible all the year round must necessarily be an important factor in relation to the tendency to grain blockade occurring during the weeks immediately before the close of navigation. The farmer rushes his wheat forward knowing that if he holds it back before navigation on the lake closes, it must either carry storage charges for the winter or the open port of Vancouver within reach. He is compelled to wait for getting out before the close of navigation. In fact, the stoppage of the flood of wheat from the prairie west by reason of the close of navigation must naturally have a greater effect on the world price, which the farmer who is within reach of the open port of Vancouver can take advantage of by forwarding his grain at any time during the winter that market conditions warrant.

The notion that all taxes should be levied on land is conspicuously popular among men who have not their money into something else.

The Dominion government is undoubtedly anxious to get the right kind of system for Condominium for the shipment of Canadian meat supplies to England. It would be hoped they work out more effectively than the arrangements the Premier said he had made for wheat shipments.

Premier Borden has been addressing the people of Halifax on the subject of what Canada is getting out of the Allies' account of grain sent to Britain. He has shown his audience, but there are some people elsewhere who would like to hear the other side of the question emphasized a bit.

Alderman Clarke wants the commissioners fired and the business of the city put into the hands of council committees. That "Joe" should aspire to again get control of town police force is well understood, and why. This is one reason for hoping and thinking that he won't.

It has been very freely asserted that the Pelegian would have got away with the gas franchise last spring if it had not been for the public interest expressed in the various meetings formed at the series of meetings held for the discussion of the agreement. Why then is the same means of arousing public interest and forming public opinion denied in respect to the new agreement?

The visit of the Australian cads and the addresses of Lieutenant Simons must serve to bring

the movement to the 200 or 300 miles of wheat moving area.

The advantage is correspondingly great. From Edmonton the difference is between 775 miles to Vancouver and 1270 miles to Port Arthur, while the Lake Louise, 90 miles west of Edmonton, the distance west of Port Arthur, is only half as great as to Port Arthur.

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The 700 miles of lake and

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MARRIED

ON A BET

**Being
the
Adventures
of
Wedding
Wager**



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Race Begins in a "Ford"

CHAPTER I.

"The first thing to do is to provide transportation," said Carson in a business-like way, after he had kissed and embraced the girl and seated her beside him on the big davenport.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Grace, yet perfectly willing to leave the matter to Bob, as she was filled with the pleasure of the morrow. "What are your plans in regard to the best and quickest method to get around to the many places we have to go?" again asked Grace.

"I am thinking, dear, if it would not be killing two birds with one stone to, instead of pounding round in some taxi-cab, and be 'all in' at night, to purchase one automobile. (for you know we have one on our list) the very first thing we do. Then we would be making our purchases in our own car, and would that not please you?" said Bob.

"Automobile," exclaimed Grace, "Us to have an auto," she gasped. "Surely Bob, we are not to have one of our own?"

"Of course we are," said Bob. "We are going to win this bet, and it would cost us much more than we would pay for a machine if we had to furnish our own house."

"Oh, Bob, might we have a 'Ford?'" said Grace. "Don't you remember when Mrs. Leffingwell made up for a ride in her new 1916 Ford how we said if we ever owned a car we would have one like it?"

"You bet I do," answered Bob, "and here is where dreams come true, because I am now about to ring up the salesman of the Freeman Co., on 2nd St., for a meeting at five o'clock in the morning and we will pick out our machine, and I am sure he will give us a chauffeur for the day to take us for our purchases as well as the good I will get out of the demonstration."

The meeting was then arranged and at the appointed hour in the morning Bob and Grace with the salesmen were making their inspection of the many models of the famous "Ford," and their choice resulted in the 1916 touring car, the latest product of the greatest automobile works in the British Empire.



SEATED in the cozy upholstered armchairs at the hotel the three friends, Mr. Compton, Marberger and Whitaker, the guest of Mr. Carson, were idly discussing the question of marriage. The discussion, which had begun on the mention of Mr. Carson's nephew, Bob Carson, was rapidly becoming a heated argument, and Bob's marriage was made the subject of a bet on the part of Mr. Compton.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," remarked Mr. Compton. "I'll just bet you \$1,000 and expenses, that no two persons can buy a home, furnish it completely, and be settled in it in one day. You men think a lot of your arguments, but I'll back mine to the extent of ten thousand dollars."

"But," said Mr. Hanley, "how are we going to settle this bet? Do you mean this seriously?"

"I certainly do," said Mr. Compton, lighting his cigar. "For my part, I'm perfectly sure of winning. But, at the same time, I know that it might be done; but the chances are all in my favor."

"The next thing to do is to find a subject," remarked Mr. Whitaker, jolting his head at the waiter to refill his glass. "And, by Jove, here comes a man who will be willing to take you up," as Bob Carson entered the room.

Bob Carson, the young man mentioned, came slowly into the room, looking idly from chair to chair, in search of his friends.

"Come here, Bob — want to talk to you," sang out his uncle, signalling to Bob with upraised arm. He sauntered over, with a look of detection on his handsome, boyish face.

"What's the row?" he enquired, slipping into a

chair and accepting a cigar. "What are you four fellows conspiring about?"

"No conspiracy, Bob, but an argument, which might interest you," said Whitaker, slapping him on the shoulder.

But Bob here remembered something, and sprang suddenly to his feet, was making off.

"Here, what's your hurry?" spoke up his uncle, reaching out a detaining hand. "We want your attention for a moment. Sit down and listen!"

"Can't, thanks," said the young chap. "got to go."

"Just a minute," insisted Hanley, jumping out of his seat and pulling up a rocker. "Got something big to tell you."

Compton, Marberger and Whitaker puffed at their cigars in silence and squinted with friendly interest at Carson through the billowy smoke. He sat down and leaned forward with a sign of subdued impatience.

"Come here, here," Hanley began, with a chuckle. "Unlucky myself, I'm a young woman and matrimonial. He is willing to take the costs of a man can't get married, buy house furnishings and go to housekeeping in a day."

Carson, for the first time since the meeting, showed a degree of interest.

"Now, I know you want to get married, don't you?"

"Well ——" began Bob, blushing.

"Now, what I want you to do," continued his uncle, "is to marry my niece, Miss Blackstone, tomorrow, and prove that what we three claim is possible, by giving a dinner in honor of Compton at your house tomorrow night. Are you on?"

"I'll take you," laughed Carson, a flood of joy dazing, blinding and thrilling him. His heart leaped and began pounding a tattoo. The dream of the past two years of his life presented itself before him, a reality. His inadequate finances, as to some time, His own chuckle brought him out of his delirium of happiness. He saw his uncle turn to Compton. "Agreed, we'll take you, Bill," he heard him say in a voice that sounded far away. "Now, remember, it's the house and lot, complete furnishings, if he marries and gives us a dinner in his own house tomorrow night."

"That's it," said Compton. "He can stay in my time after 5 a.m. tomorrow."

"Excuse me a minute, till I call up the young lady, as she has something to say to you," said Carson, almost staggering with the intoxication of joy, turning to a nearby booth.

When he stepped out he was smiling.

"It's all right," he said, glowing. "At 7 o'clock tomorrow night a taxi will call for Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carson for dinner. Please be prompt," he said, "as he started to leave. 'Now I will have to hurry,' he called back.

"I'm not a bit afraid I'll lose," said Compton, chuckling so that his massive bulk shook, "but I stand by the agreement."

"I can't lose, that's all," said Carson, as he swung through the door into the street.

Once out of the hotel, Carson, spirits soaring, hurried up to the Blackstone home. Grace met him at the door. "Is it really true?" she asked him eagerly.

"True as Gospel," said Carson, and throwing his hat on a chair, took her in his arms, kissed her, and then pulled her after him into the sitting room.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackstone arose to greet him. "What in the world is this wager you young scamps have made?" asked the girl's father, dropping his paper and looking over his glasses.

"It's the chance of a lifetime," blurted Bob, putting his arm around the girl's shoulder, and drawing her to him. "We can get a house and lot, and all the furnishings, if we win. Bill Carson bet on us."

"But if you lose?" interrupted Mr. Blackstone.

"We can't, that's all. We're going to win," said Bob as he took Grace's arm. "We can get the adjoining room. We've got to figure this thing out."

"You crazy children," said the portly Mrs. Blackstone, as she sat down and picked up her sewing-basket. The thought of her daughter's departure from her home on the morrow was as happy to her as was the sun. She listened to the whispers that came through the open door softly-intimate whispers of plans for the forthcoming day.

Dairy Service is Arranged For

CHAPTER II.

"Now we'll have the pleasure of arranging for Dairy Service," said Bob. "Bread is the staff of life, they say; milk is a whole menu in itself. To the Jasper Avenue Branch of the Edmonton City Dairy, No. 10038," he called to the driver as the car sped along Jasper Avenue.

"Ah, here we are," said Bob, as he drew up at the white front of the E.C.D. up-town depot.

Stepping inside, a courteous attendant immediately waited upon them. "We wish to arrange for the most convenient and satisfactory Dairy Service we can get," said Bob. "Kindly explain just what you can give us."

"Our service covers every part of the city except where homes are extremely scattered," replied the attendant. "Delivery is made daily. Each delivery carries milk, cream, superior milk, Lactoic buttermilk, fresh churned buttermilk, and for the convenience of occasional customers, they also carry butter and eggs. Whipping cream can be obtained at any time by ordering the previous day or phoning before the delivery leaves."

"Tell me," said Grace, "is your milk pasteurized?" "Yes, indeed, madam," replied the attendant, "the cream as well as the milk; in fact all our liquid milk products except the special milk for babies."

"I am glad to know that," said Grace. "I would not care to use any milk that had not been safeguarded in this way. What is the quality like?"

"We pay our patrons according to the quality of the milk they supply us, and at this season the milk tests about 40% fat. The table cream is standardized at from 20 to 22% fat; the whipping cream at from 30 to 32% and the superior milk at 10%."

"That is very satisfactory," said Grace. "What is the best way to pay for supplies?" "Those of our customers who have tried it, like the Deposit Account system. You simply deposit a given sum, \$5, \$10, \$20 or whatever you wish. This sum draws interest for you at the rate of 6% per annum, twice the interest on a savings account. Then whenever you buy a dollar's worth of milk or cream tickets or any E.C.D. product it is charged to your account. You do not have the bother of making change when the man comes nor the risk of leaving money out for him."

"Say, Bob, that's just what we want," said Grace. "Will you please arrange the account? We can phone our address as soon as we locate our house."

"Thank you, madam. When you hold your reception our ice cream department is at your service. In fact it is always ready to supply choice frozen desserts."

"I am glad you remind me," said Grace. "I shall certainly have E.C.D. ice cream. All ready, Bob. Good morning."



Introduced to 'Golden Wheat' and 'Home-made Bread'

CHAPTER III

"Grace, now I wonder if we hadn't better get in a visit here that we must make today to the CHAS. W. CAMPBELL plant, as I have an invitation there, and right now as we are starting housekeeping, I am sure that we both will receive some news and information that we will surely profit by in the future," said Bob, at the same time directing the driver to go quickly to the plant of Chas. W. Campbell.

"Hello," said Bob as they entered the office of the plant. "I am taking you up sooner than you thought on the visit to your plant, and have brought my wife and I want you to meet her."

"I am certainly glad to meet you, Mrs. Carson," returned Mr. Campbell, "and as you are soon to be in your own home, I want to show you and tell you about two products that you will find indispensable once you give them a trial."

"Thank you," replied Grace, "but you know I have heard a lot about Golden Wheat flour, as many of my friends use it and they always get such excellent bread."

"That's what they all say," said Mr. Campbell, "and I am sure you will be equally pleased with our Sultana bread. It is becoming as popular as our special cake sales to our regular bread customers."

"That will be fine," replied Grace, "and you can count on having made another customer to-day, as we will instruct our grocer to always send us Campbell's 'Home-made bread.'

"Thank you," said the dealer. "Once a trial, always a customer," is our slogan. And the couple turned toward the automobile at the curb.

CHAS. W. CAMPBELL.

Cor. 100th St. and 107th Avenue.

Phone 1444



House Furnishings at Ramsey's of course

CHAPTER V.

"And here we are at Ramsey's at last," exclaimed Grace, as their auto stopped in front of this beautiful building. "Any one would think from that remark that all our work of this morning was but a prelude to our visit at Ramsey's," said Bob.

"Well, Bob dear, you know, of course, the others were necessary, but I have been looking forward to this ever since a hour became a reality."

Ramsey's always gives me a thrill, because the very name means Perfect Home Furnishings."

The couple entered the store to find the stores in such splendid shape, and in a moment were happily engaged inspecting the beautiful Furniture, Rugs, and Draperies on display there.

"Before start with the kitchen," remarked the salesman, "the real home centre you know. The way your kitchen is furnished makes the difference between drudgery and contentment at your daily work. You, of course, want some floorcloths—it's sanitary and very economical."

"Of course we do," said Grace, "and an Alberta Oven Range; a kitchen cabinet, too."

"That's settled, then," said Bob.

This cabinet and the Alberta Oven Range, and we want them this afternoon."

"Very well, this afternoon it is. Service, Mr. Carson, is the keynote of our business."

"Now for rugs, shades and draperies," exclaimed Grace, "and furniture for our living room, dining room and bedroom. This is the place," said Bob to the salesman, "as this is our first trial at house furnishings. We are not satisfied until you are," he replied, "so you cannot take any chances here."

A careful look over the various floors, through the carpet and drapery department, and a critical inspection of the many pieces of furniture exhibited, and Bob turned to Grace, said:

"Well, I'm satisfied if you are."

"Satisfied; I am simply wild over these beautiful things we have selected."

"Sold, then," said Bob, "and on your own terms. If anything proves unsatisfactory you'll have to make good."

"We shall expect to," said the salesman, as he smiled and bid them good-bye.



Aha! a Wedding Ring.

CHAPTER IV.

"Now, my dear," said Bob, "you must have a wedding ring."

"Why, Bob," she answered. "Do you know I didn't even think of that until just now. Of course, I must have one."

"Take us over to Jackson Bros., Jasper Ave. E." Bob directed the driver, and before they could discuss what kind of a ring they would purchase they were at their destination.

Grace began at once trying on the little gold bands.

"How would you like a platinum ring?" asked the salesman. "You know they are quite the thing now."

"O, I don't know, I believe I prefer gold," Grace replied, extending her hand so that she could view from all angles the ring she had tried on.

"That one apparently is all right, and it is of the narrow band style, which is worn now more than the wide ones," remarked the salesman.

"Now, what is the price of this ring?" she asked, slipping off the circle of yellow metal that the salesman might read the tiny tag that dangled from it.

"This ring is \$10.00," he replied, "and of course that includes any engraving you will desire."

It fits me perfectly, too."

"And looks very nice," Bob assured her.

She placed the ring back on her finger and viewed it proudly.

"Well, I guess I will decide on this one," she said.

"All right," said Bob, as he reached down in his pocket and brought out the necessary sum. "We can arrange for the engraving later."

"Now I really feel married," whispered Grace to Bob as they turned back to the waiting automobile.

"That's where we got our wedding license," said Bob, "and we ought to get a scarf pin for the best man and a brooch for the bridesmaid."



A Terrible Catastrophe---Puncture

CHAPTER VI.

The day had been one glad rush. The prize was practically won. There were a few remaining names on the list that had seemed almost endless.

Leaving the Sommerville Hardware store the car was headed west and shortly after crossing Fifth street, occurred really the only accident of the day, although at first Grace thought they were going to be materially hampered in making the remainder of their purchases.

They had proceeded about half a block from Fifth street, and although Bob was driving carefully he failed to see a broken bottle near the curb. Pop! Bang! "Oh, Bob! What is it?" cried Grace, and she started to sob as the car was brought to a standstill and Bob alighted to determine the trouble.

"Never mind, dear; it is a nasty puncture, but here we are right in front of the Motor Car Supply Co., Ltd., and I know they will have us out of this in a jiffy."

At that moment Mr. LeClaire, the manager, was crossing the sidewalk.

"Here, Mr. LeClaire, is a bad puncture and we must not be delayed more than a minute or two on your life," said Bob.

"Leave it to me," replied Mr. LeClaire. "I have here a new Pennsylvania tire, just the size, that I will have on in a few minutes, and then you can have the injured tube all repaired tomorrow."

"Fine," said Bob. "That's the service. I'll remember you, I tell you, with my repair work in the future," said Bob as they rolled away, having lost but a very short time by the puncture.

"Don't forget the address," said Grace, "for they have such a complete stock of auto fixings at the Motor Car Supply Co."



Kitchen Cutlery Not Forgotten

CHAPTER VII.

"We will next go to SOMMERVILLE'S HARDWARE STORE," said Bob to Grace, as he assisted her into the auto emerging from Campbell's.

"Have you got a list of the things we will get there?" replied Grace, settling herself in the soft seat.

"Yes, partly, but it is hardly necessary to have a list when you are buying your household necessities from SOMMERVILLE'S, as they carry such a large and well assorted stock, and their salesmen give you such close attention that you are assured of getting every little necessity required to fit up a home complete."

"Here we are already."

They were soon in the store viewing the many displays of Cutlery, Enamel Ware, Aluminum Ware, Nickel Plated Copper Ware, Percolators, Chafing Dishes and other articles useful and necessary in the Kitchen too numerous to mention.

It was only the work of a short time before, with the help of a salesman, a full and complete assortment was decided upon and Grace was delighted with it and surprised with the inexpensiveness of the outfit.

"I had no idea of the reasonableness of the price of these things," remarked Grace as she reviewed her selections.

While Grace was busy with the Kitchen purchases Bob was not idle, and with another salesman in different parts of the store he had made purchases of items that are used every day in the regular routine of house-keeping, including a nice assortment of Tools which are always handy for working about the house.

"Say Grace, I had no idea that it would be such an easy matter to decide on a Range, that is really part of the purchasing that I thought would be the hardest to decide upon, but after Mr. Irgens explained the construction and also the efficiency of the COLUMBIA Range it would be very hard for a person to purchase anything but a Columbia. I am also glad they suggested that Caloric Fireless Cooker, but you see Grace that is the advantage of buying at a store where they employ Salesmen only in each department, and I am sure that everything we have purchased will give us the best of satisfaction."

With a final instruction to deliver all the goods at 10130 Fifth St., as soon as possible they departed from SOMMERVILLE'S.



NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT MUSIC THE VICTOR FURNISHES GENUINE MUSIC

CHAPTER IX.

Bob found Grace looking over her list when he jumped into the car. "Why so pensive, little Phyllis?" he asked jokingly.

Grace's face wore a troubled look. "Oh, dear," she said, "do you think that we can make it? I get so discouraged when I look over this list. Just see the things we have yet to do."

"Cheer up," said Bob. "Now we are going to get a Victor Victrola."

He told the driver to take them to THE MASTER'S PIANO CO., Jasper Ave. West, as they handled the Victor, and on the way they discussed the style and price of the machine they would buy.

"I think we could get a Victrola for about the same price as other makes, and \$150 will get us a machine that we will always be satisfied with. We don't want to spend all the money Campton has."

"I think we have lots of nerve to spend that much," Grace replied.

"Oh, I don't know. He agreed to furnish the house completely. That's the bet, and no home is complete nowadays without a Victor Victrola."

They were soon entering the phonograph department at MASTER'S, and as they were admiring the variety of machines, pleased at the rich tonal qualities, and beautiful designs, Mr. Masters came up. After hearing one record played, both Bob and Grace were too astonished for words:

"That's the tone I have been looking for; never heard violin tones brought out so well on any other machine."

"That machine suits me perfectly," said Bob, turning to Grace, as the record stopped.

"I know that I wouldn't be satisfied with anything but a Victor Victrola."

"The nation-wide repute of the Victor is what first causes me to select it in preference to others."

"You may send it up to the house right away, please, and don't forget the list of records we chose."

After visiting the piano salon on the ground floor, and hearing the sweet tone of the "Master," the couple departed.



Grace Compels Bob to Buy a New Suit

CHAPTER VIII.

Grace paused at the step. "Now look here, Bob Carson, you have got to have some new clothes, too," she said dictatorially.

"Yes?" Bob asked.

"Yes, sir, you do. I'm not going to be dressed up myself and expect my husband to wear threadbare clothes. If I'm entitled to a wedding suit, you are, too."

"I yield," said Bob, and then turning to the driver: "Take us to THE HOUSE OF HOB-BERLIN store."

Bob's watch showed 4:15. "Now if we can only keep up this speed we'll be all right," said Bob.

They arrived at THE HOUSE OF HOB-BERLIN and Bob sprang out. "Aren't you coming?" he asked, turning to see that Grace had not moved.

"I don't know much about clothes," she answered laughingly.

She followed him into the store, where a courteous clerk immediately began showing them some of the latest styles in HOB-BERLIN clothes, which Bob was particular to order, because he knew well that all particular dressers would have no other make.

"These suits range in price from \$20 to \$30," said the clerk. Bob selected one of the \$30 styles.

"The next thing is a winter overcoat," remarked Bob.

The selection of this was easy, as the line of coats was one of the most complete in the city.

This purchase was soon completed and they left the store thoroughly satisfied with the remarkable values they had received and the courteous treatment given them.



Home For Dinner

CHAPTER X.

"Now, say, Mr. Ave," Bob ordered as he consulted his watch, and found that it would be little more than an hour until dinner would be served. The car sped along over the paved streets and Bob and Grace leaned back. Just then the car drove up in front of the house and they stopped.

"Now you call at the hotel promptly at 7 o'clock," Bob told the driver as he handed him a \$2.00 bill as extra compensation for the trouble.

"I won't," said the driver smiling as he pocketed the money.

"Well, then they went through the house on a tour of inspection. They found the floors waxed, the furniture in place and the house in a condition fit to receive company Saturday evening.

In fact, it seemed to them that nothing had been overlooked in the preparation of the house for their arrival.

"I hope you will be pleased," Grace exclaimed again as they completed their tour. "I would never have dreamed that it could be done."

COMPANY PAY HIS BILL.

It was six minutes after seven when Grace and Bob sat in the living room of their new home. Grace wore her new suit and Bob his new suit, and he never saw anyone more trim than she did at that moment. She was a little bit of a falsetto in her voice, but she laughed at the thought of seeing Compton writing on the wall.

Bob wore his evening clothes and left she spoilt him Grace contented herself in his approving smile and appearance.

"This bride's bouquet looks very nice," Bob remarked finally.

Grace looked down and just then the sound of an automobile horn broke the stillness outside and they rushed to the window.

"Sure enough!" The car stopped in front of their house, and out piled four tall figures. Bob switched on the porch light and the four men walked in.

Mr. Hanley led the way. "Are you ready?" he asked and then disappeared.

Bob laughed. "Come right in. How do you do?" Mr. Whittaker, Marburger, and Compton. This is Mr. Carson.

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THE HAMILTON

English Nurse Was Executed Despite Abject Appeal of American Minister

Official Report of Efforts of Ministers of Neutral Nations to Save Miss Cavell, Who Was Executed Accused of Being a Spy. Present Harrowing Story—German Governor Brutally Rejects Every Proposal Made to Obtain Postponement of Execution.

London, Oct. 22.—The full report of the circumstances of the condemned and execution of Miss Edith Cavell, the English nurse, who was training school in Brussels, for helping English, French and Belgian soldiers to escape from the German lines, which she made before trial and in court was, in his opinion, perfectly fair. Mr. Conrad, the American minister, who has been here since the American ambassador at London, was issued by the British government that day.

The secretary of the American legation, Mr. George V. Vande Lente, late at night, went to the German minister, with the Spanish minister, pleaded with the governor and the German government, but the man's life, is gravely related in a remarkable lack of good faith on the part of the German authorities to keep their promises to inform the American government fully of the trial and sentence, he telephoned to *Associated Press* on Tuesday.

Miss Cavell sentenced yesterday and died this morning, despite our efforts to prevent her execution.

Mr. Whitlock's final appeal was in the form of a note written in French and sent to the Foreign Office on the night of the 11th to the governor Von der Lancken, who thereupon sent the following:

"My dear General, I am too sick to present my request myself, but I appeal to your generosity of heart to support me in this matter. I am a simple unhappy woman. Have pity on her."

Mr. Whitlock then stated that Miss Cavell had nursed German soldiers and had given no holy communion and had

found her admirably strong and calm. "I asked Mr. Italian whether she had any objection to my going to any country, and he said that she was perfect in which she made before trial and in court was, in his opinion, perfectly fair. Mr. Conrad, the American minister, who has been here since the American ambassador at London, was issued by the British government that day.

Positive Assurances.

Secretary Gilman says that Conrad, an official of the German legation, was present in the room on the 11th that the American legation was informed of the developments in the case, and continued:

"Despite these assurances, we made repeated inquiries in the course of the trial, and were told that the German court had not been pronounced, and informed us that he would not fail to inform us of the result."

"At 8.30 a.m. he learned from an authority source that sentence had been passed in the course of the afternoon. Mr. Conrad then stated that sentence had not been pronounced, and informed us that he would not fail to inform us of the result."

Mr. Whitlock thereupon sought the Spanish minister, with the American minister, to inform the American government fully of the trial and sentence, he telephoned to *Associated Press* on Tuesday.

"My dear General, I am too sick to present my request myself, but I appeal to your generosity of heart to support me in this matter. I am a simple unhappy woman. Have pity on her."

Mr. Whitlock then stated that Miss Cavell had nursed German soldiers and had given no holy communion and had

OFFICER PLACED REVOLVER IN HER EAR, THEN FIRED

Barbaric Execution of Miss Cavell Reported in Amsterdam Dispatch.

Amsterdam, Oct. 22.—The German dispatch states that the German executioner, a French woman, Miss Edith Cavell, was shot dead by a German officer in the early hours of this morning. The firing party consisted of three men, one of whom shot her in the head, another in the ear, and a third just before her execution, and a fourth who fired at her during the trial. Mr. Whitlock says in his note to the Foreign Office, "I have been referring to the trial of Miss Cavell, and in particular to the execution of her."

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